THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

RICHARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1587.

Choice Poetry.

THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

"Sisters!"—Is there name—relation—
Nearer, dearer, upon earth?
Is there, through this round creation,
Tie more sweet in human hearth?
Yet how oft that link is broken
By an idle, selfish jest, by some
Venom-bitter word—or token
Worse—more poor!—since not here spoken—
By!—while I utter your best, our home!

"If I wronged him 'twas in error
Lest her life should be a prison!
If I wronged him 'twas in error
She might perish now—at last!
And tears, my love yet cannot wear me—
She who with me nightly slept—
Oh, ye blessed, holy, holy tear,
Hear me, ye who've letters—and weep!

"Angels that on earth, when living,
Had dear sisters by your side!
Teach once more how sweet's forgiving!
And how hard a thing to pride!"
As she wept—and knelt and kissed her—
Lip to lip—and heart to heart!

Then forgiven and forgiving
In each other's arms as they wept;
Oh, as holier regions living,
One had watch around them kept!
And they talked of times departed;
Of their mother, when she'd rest!
Where together, broken-hearted,
They had knelt beside her bed!

Ah, could she behold us now, even,
Thought that we for these long years,
Like a love-rebuked heaven,
She had died in tears—in tears!
Not in smiles like those she gave us
Like a seraph smiled to bless!
Let us pray that God will save us
From all future sins like this!"

And the sister mused in wonder
How a word, a little word,
Had the power—had it spoken—to sever,
Leaving truth for years unheard
Long the maidenly—but she knew not
Higher nor had lost in store;
That we always ought to speak love not,
Lest her to her sister's door!

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHALLOWDEAN," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

(Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXII.

DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

What is the world to them!
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in such other mighty matters shall
High fancy borne and lavish hearts can wish,
Or in the world of dimensioned law,
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony and love,
The various beauty of indulgent Heaven?
Thompson.

At break of day, a large, travelling wagon, strongly and compactly built, and neatly roofed with sail cloth, stretched across the bridge of boats, and drawn by two stout gray mules, stood before the hotel of Hutton Island. This wagon was closely packed with a small assortment of cabin furniture. All this "household stuff" was perfectly new, clean, and bright, and snugly stowed away in the back and middle part of the wagon. Near the front of the vehicle stood a small, fat, bellicose, arm-chair, wedged tightly in between boxes and trunks, so that it could not be jostled by the motion of the wagon. It is needless to say that this was the "travelling carriage" of our bridal pair, or that the little fag-bottomed chair was provided for the especial convenience and comfort of the bride. Early in the hour rose a crowd of village neighbors had collected for the pleasure of seeing the "bride and groom" come out, and the wagon start for the "far western country." Among the assembled villagers was a fine, handsome boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who volunteered to be the reins and whip that evening should come forth.

The people had not very long to wait. The front door of the hotel opened, and Doctor Hardcastle, clad in a large, shaggy over-coat and wool-hat, but for-this cap and gloves, and looking as great, energetic, and joyous as ever, came out, leading Elsie, wrapped in a full, warm cloak, with her bashful, happy face bloomming and smiling from out the non-Portable ruffle of fur that encircled it.

Magnus nodded and smiled, then laughed aloud, as he shook hands heartily right and left, and hurried Elsie towards the wagon. He lifted her in, fixed her comfortably in her chair, arranged her dress, and kissed her fair cheek; then, he, and touched it snugly around her feet, with a solicitous care for her, and a total indifference to the eyes of the lookers on, that provoked their merriment into peals of good humored laughter, in which Elsie herself joined.—"Now in sight, Doctor! Take good care of her, God bless her! That's right, Doctor! That's the way to do it! Good! and, Indeed, her chair will insure if you don't muffle that comfort of hers among your things!"

"Oh, hurry! let's escape that!" whispered Elsie, laughing and blushing.

"Are you done, Elsie? Better mind their rough manners! You are too generous and large hearted to feel anger or contempt at their unbred want of expressing their sympathy, which is really more sincere and earnest than all the congratulations and good wishes that ladies and gentlemen give and receive upon such occasions! Let us have patience with uncultivated minds, for we, my love, must live with her a long time! At least, have my other feeling—humanity rather than contempt, dear Elsie," replied Magnus, as he finished arranging her cloak.

"If you presume to feel contempt for my rough, honest, kindly neighbors!" Oh, Magnus, never! I will prove to you that I do not!" exclaimed Elsie, in a low, hurried voice.

Then Magnus sprang into his seat, and took the reins from the hands of the lad.

As he gave them up, the boy fixed a long, lingering, wishful look at the wagon and its occupants.

"You look as if you had half a mind to accompany us, my boy!" said Doctor Hardcastle, as he read the expression of the lad's countenance.

"Oh, I have, sir! for I feel I could be useful, almost necessary to you, and beneficial in myself, if I could go, but I have a little girl to take care of at home!"

"A little girl to take care of! pe!"

"Yes, sir, my little sister! or rather she is *just like* my little sister! We live on Hutton Island."

"Oh! you—the two Children of the Isle! How came you ever here so early, my boy?"

"I came over to bring some strawberries to the tavern, sir, in time for them to be prepared for breakfast! I expect you ate some of them yourself, sir!"

"Yes, and they were very good!"

"My sister and I gathered them, sir!"

"Yes. Well, my boy! you look like a fine, independent, enterprising lad! Help on God and yourself!" replied the Doctor, "Many fine, industrious, and frugal, and you will make your own way in the world! What is your name?"

"Hugh Hutton, sir."

"Yes—young Hutton of the Isles—one of the *Scotch Lords*,' as the people used to call them for their pride and—"

"Poverty," calmly concluded the boy.

"Well, child, they go admirably well together! Hold to your pride as long as you are poor, and cast it away when you become rich! Well, Hugh! I will not forget you, or lose sight of you! Some day I shall come back, and then you may return with me! Good-bye," said Doctor Hardcastle, shaking hands with the boy.

Then he arose in his seat, lifted his cap, and waved farewell to the neighbors. Elsie put out her hand to them several times, blushing bright-ly as they all waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and amid the cheers and benedictions of the little crowd, the wagon started.

"We must make thirty miles to-day, dear Elsie, and reach Deep Dell by nightfall if possible," said Magnus.

"Oh, how I wish that fine boy were really with us! How useful he could be to you, and what a comfort and companion he would be to me!" said she, looking back to where Hugh stood, the last of the crowd, watching the departing wagon.

"God will send him after us shortly, dear Elsie. What a fine, independent look he has! poor! I could have wished him a go with me—a very strong sympathy attracts me to that boy! I should be very proud of that boy!"

"He will be quite as proud of you, too. He reminds me of what you were at his age, when you used to carry me about the wood in your arms, as joyous as a bee, yet as careful as a nurse. I thought of that when he talked about his sister. He evidently loved her as if I should be to her to have a sister or to be a sister. Then stands a sweet and tender thought in sisterhood —children of the same mother. Just now I thought that boy's voice took a tone of melancholy interest when he spoke of his sister. Yet his coy gentleness must be the playfulness of a lion's cub—there is such fire in his grand eyes, that reminds me of you, love! Ah, Magnus, do you know what I have been thinking of? What great music has been awakened by tangled harmony through my soul this morning, as I journey by your side into the wilderness. Listen—"

"The quiet independence let me chase
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy step I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

And I, my love, if you were that very incarnate spirit of Independence, and I am sure that my boy was the worshipping disciple who was ready to follow you to the end of the world!" said Magnus, continued laughing. "there is such a superfluous amount of energy in my little body and soul this morning, that I feel as if I could not only brave and bear hardships and peril by your side, but should be disappointed if they did not come!"

"You have so much resistance, Elsie—but do not do violence to your strength of energy as to dispel fear and with its wealth of money, spend it all at once—and as an illustration of what I mean—put your hands within your cloak and fold it closely around your chest—we are about to turn and face a sharp, if not a violent North Wester, and after the sun is fully up, you will see that it will blow harder!" said Magnus, as they turned the side of the street and faced the turnpike road.

It was a glorious Winter day! The sun rose arose in cloudless splendor, lighting up the snow-clad hills and plains, and ice-spangled forest trees and distant lake, and making the whole scene, while far away behind them dashed and sparkled the green waters of the Chesapeake, a sea of crystal and diamonds.

Their road after leaving the village lay over the snowy hills and plains, and through the forest around the base of Mount Calm. In passing the circuit they once came in full view of the front of the house, and Elsie, not unnaturally her husband's arm, exclaimed—

"Magnus! my dear husband! motherless as the end of your stick, and got up and wares it! I know that our beloved mother has been watching and waiting for the last hour to see us pass. I know it, though it is too distant to see her distinctly—yet I think I see somebody there. Do you not think so, and then we'll know it?"

Doctor Hardcastle stood up, lifted the impromptu flag on the end of his stick, and as it was returned by a white cloth waved from the window, and instantly withdrawn.

"Magnus saw me! Did you see, Magnus? Say stay! why didn't she look out?"

"I could hardly see her head on such a short morning as this, for your mother is rare her head out of the window in that bleak-exposed position, and thus greatly increasing the various vague forebodings of his heart.

"I am afraid something has happened to mother, love, for she has cap and gloves, and looking as great, energetic, and joyous as ever, came out, leading Elsie, wrapped in a full, warm cloak, with her bashful, happy face bloomming and smiling from out the non-Portable ruffle of fur that encircled it.

"Oh! you—the two Children of the Isle! How came you over here so early, my boy?"

"I came over to bring some strawberries to the tavern, sir, in time for them to be prepared for breakfast! I expect you ate some of them yourself, sir!"

"Yes, and they were very good!"

"My sister and I gathered them, sir!"

"Yes. Well, my boy! you look like a fine, independent, enterprising lad! Help on God and yourself!" replied the Doctor, "Many fine, industrious, and frugal, and you will make your own way in the world! What is your name?"

"Hugh Hutton, sir."

"Yes—young Hutton of the Isles—one of the *Scotch Lords*,' as the people used to call them for their pride and—"

"Poverty," calmly concluded the boy.

"Well, child, they go admirably well together! Hold to your pride as long as you are poor, and cast it away when you become rich! Well, Hugh! I will not forget you, or lose sight of you! Some day I shall come back, and then you may return with me! Good-bye," said Doctor Hardcastle, shaking hands with the boy.

Then he arose in his seat, lifted his cap, and waved farewell to the neighbors. Elsie put out her hand to them several times, blushing bright-ly as they all waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and amid the cheers and benedictions of the little crowd, the wagon started.

"We must make thirty miles to-day, dear Elsie, and reach Deep Dell by nightfall if possible," said Magnus.

"Oh, how I wish that fine boy were really with us! How useful he could be to you, and what a comfort and companion he would be to me!" said she, looking back to where Hugh stood, the last of the crowd, watching the departing wagon.

"God will send him after us shortly, dear Elsie. What a fine, independent look he has! poor! I could have wished him a go with me—a very strong sympathy attracts me to that boy! I should be very proud of that boy!"

"He will be quite as proud of you, too. He reminds me of what you were at his age, when you used to carry me about the wood in your arms, as joyous as a bee, yet as careful as a nurse. I thought of that when he talked about his sister. He evidently loved her as if I should be to her to have a sister or to be a sister. Then stands a sweet and tender thought in sisterhood —children of the same mother. Just now I thought that boy's voice took a tone of melancholy interest when he spoke of his sister. Yet his coy gentleness must be the playfulness of a lion's cub—there is such fire in his grand eyes, that reminds me of you, love! Ah, Magnus, do you know what I have been thinking of? What great music has been awakened by tangled harmony through my soul this morning, as I journey by your side into the wilderness. Listen—"

"The quiet independence let me chase
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy step I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

And I, my love, if you were that very incarnate spirit of Independence, and I am sure that my boy was the worshipping disciple who was ready to follow you to the end of the world!" said Magnus, continued laughing. "there is such a superfluous amount of energy in my little body and soul this morning, that I feel as if I could not only brave and bear hardships and peril by your side, but should be disappointed if they did not come!"

"You have so much resistance, Elsie—but do not do violence to your strength of energy as to dispel fear and with its wealth of money, spend it all at once—and as an illustration of what I mean—put your hands within your cloak—we are about to turn and face a sharp, if not a violent North Wester, and after the sun is fully up, you will see that it will blow harder!" said Magnus, as they turned the side of the street and faced the turnpike road.

It was a glorious Winter day! The sun rose arose in cloudless splendor, lighting up the snow-clad hills and plains, and ice-spangled forest trees and distant lake, and making the whole scene, while far away behind them dashed and sparkled the green waters of the Chesapeake, a sea of crystal and diamonds.

Their road after leaving the village lay over the snowy hills and plains, and through the forest around the base of Mount Calm. In passing the circuit they once came in full view of the front of the house, and Elsie, not unnaturally her husband's arm, exclaimed—

"Magnus! my dear husband! motherless as the end of your stick, and got up and wares it! I know that our beloved mother has been watching and waiting for the last hour to see us pass. I know it, though it is too distant to see her distinctly—yet I think I see somebody there. Do you not think so, and then we'll know it?"

Doctor Hardcastle stood up, lifted the impromptu flag on the end of his stick, and as it was returned by a white cloth waved from the window, and instantly withdrawn.

"Magnus saw me! Did you see, Magnus? Say stay! why didn't she look out?"

"I could hardly see her head on such a short morning as this, for your mother is rare her head out of the window in that bleak-exposed position, and thus greatly increasing the various vague forebodings of his heart.

"I am afraid something has happened to mother, love, for she has cap and gloves, and looking as great, energetic, and joyous as ever, came out, leading Elsie, wrapped in a full, warm cloak, with her bashful, happy face bloomming and smiling from out the non-Portable ruffle of fur that encircled it.

Magnus nodded and smiled, then laughed aloud, as he shook hands heartily right and left, and hurried Elsie towards the wagon. He lifted her in, fixed her comfortably in her chair, arranged her dress, and kissed her fair cheek; then, he, and touched it snugly around her feet, with a solicitous care for her, and a total indifference to the eyes of the lookers on, that provoked their merriment into peals of good humored laughter, in which Elsie herself joined.—"Now in sight, Doctor! Take good care of her, God bless her! That's right, Doctor! That's the way to do it! Good! and, Indeed, her chair will insure if you don't muffle that comfort of hers among your things!"

"Oh, hurry! let's escape that!" whispered Elsie, laughing and blushing.

"Are you done, Elsie? Better mind their rough manners! You are too generous and large hearted to feel anger or contempt at their unbred want of expressing their sympathy, which is really more sincere and earnest than all the congratulations and good wishes that ladies and gentlemen give and receive upon such occasions! Let us have patience with uncultivated minds, for we, my love, must live with her a long time! At least, have my other feeling—humanity rather than contempt, dear Elsie," replied Magnus, as he finished arranging her cloak.

"If you presume to feel contempt for my rough, honest, kindly neighbors!" Oh, Magnus, never! I will prove to you that I do not!" exclaimed Elsie, in a low, hurried voice.

Then Magnus sprang into his seat, and took the reins from the hands of the lad.

As he gave them up, the boy fixed a long, lingering, wishful look at the wagon and its occupants.

"You look as if you had half a mind to accompany us, my boy!" said Doctor Hardcastle, as he read the expression of the lad's countenance.

"Oh, I have, sir! for I feel I could be useful, almost necessary to you, and beneficial in myself, if I could go, but I have a little girl to take care of at home!"

"A little girl to take care of! pe!"

"Yes, sir, my little sister! or rather she is *just like* my little sister! We live on Hutton Island."

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

LECTURE III.—CONTINUED.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, AND THE HUGUENOTS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

But the crime was too barefaced to offer to its authors a single justification, and the mean and miserable subterfuge was resorted to of a counter-accusation. The Catholics asserted that the Huguenots contemplated a revolution, and that the massacre,—that mean massacre,—was purely an act of self-defence. I believe there are now none to be found sufficiently hardy to justify the crime. But Catholic writers have exhausted all their ingenuity to prove that it was accidental and not premeditated; or that if it was premeditated, it was not on account of religious prejudices, but for reasons of state, which may not now be, in this age, sufficiently comprehended. In short, that nothing unchristian, or unkind, or unloving, ever emanated from Roman influences; and that if any persecution existed, it is to be ascribed to the spirit of that age alone! I am willing to allow much for the natural depravity of man, and still more to the influence of those feelings which blinded former generations, regarding the duty of suppressing heresy by the sword. But if Protestants have, on some occasions, yielded to such feelings, their history has never been stained by such a wholesale crime as the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and they have ever professed at least the duty of religious toleration. But the Catholics, as a body, have never liked toleration, and they have never granted its truth until the admission has been extorted from them, and have generally fully justified all similar proceedings; such as the Gunpowder Plot, and the establishment of the Inquisition. And have been stimulated to such acts by their most honored teachers, even to the Jesuits, whose cruelties are written with a pen of fire upon the whole history of Europe.

But all crime is folly, and this great massacre was a blunder, which ended in a fatal blow to its authors. Such intense and general indignation was excited by it, that the Protestants, although desolate and decimated, now resolved on vengeance; and united in a determination, that come what would, they would now make no terms of submission until their religious rights were guaranteed. The sympathies of all their Protestant brethren, in all parts of Europe, were with them, and generous efforts were made in their behalf. And God now gave them a great and noble leader, even Henry the Fourth, the future King of France, under whom they resolved to fight until everything was secured. He was a first Prince of the blood, and a son of that Anthony of Navarre, who had been the early hope of the Huguenots. He was born among the mountains of Burgundy; he was a delicate infant, and unlike most royal children, he was reared with difficulty. He was treated in all respects like the son of a peasant, like him fed on bread and cheese, and his drink was water. He was allowed to run bareheaded and barefooted among his native mountains. He had no toys and no pleasures; his court was the mountain, his exercises the sports of country people, and his companions the children of the poor. Thus was he prepared for his future labors; to be called like a second Moses to work out the deliverance of his persecuted brethren, and lay the foundation of a splendid monarchy. He was scarcely twenty years of age when the eyes of the Huguenots were turned towards him as their future leader; but he was at that time a prisoner, and was compelled to renounce his religion to save his life, in order that he might be preserved to fight the battles of freedom.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew had so thinned the ranks of the Protestants, that the principles of the Reformation in France, were now centred almost in a single city,—La Rochelle,—memorable for the siege which it underwent when invested by the royal armies. Though famine pressed and dangers encircled the glorious defenders of that city, they persevered in resistance, and their triumph saved their lives and preserved their cause. I regard that defence as one of the most perfectly glorious in the whole annals of war, and it was one of the most momentous in its results. The check thus given to the Catholic armies, imparted to the Huguenots a ray of consolation in gloom and despair. It satisfied the government of France that their battles must be fought over again, that their crimes had failed; and that the Huguenots could only be suppressed by a long, desperate, and dreary contest, which would impoverish and decimate the land, and entail calamities which would be felt through successive generations. And still, in view of all this, Charles the Ninth, urged on by his infamous mother, and instigated by the Jesuits and the clergy, and influenced by the Pope and the Court of Spain, resolved to continue that inhuman and impolitic warfare, never to end until his object was accomplished,—showing most conclusively how implacable was Catholic bigotry, and how desperate was that contest for freedom. We know that our war of the Revolution was full of calamities, and certainly most glorious, as well for the zeal manifested in its conduct as in the magnitude of the results which attended it. But how light were the sufferings of our fathers when compared to those of the Huguenots, who hoped against hope, fighting when driven from their last defence, all for sacred rights. But in the trying hour of their adversity, God did not desert them. He removed their great enemies one after the other, or changed their minds to support the truth.—Charles the Ninth died before he could complete his crimes, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry the Third. He died the victim of terrible remorse, in which the horrors of Saint Bartholomew were constantly present to his imagination; he heard the fatal signal, the sudden cries of the dying, the screams of the wounded, and saw with terrible impressiveness that bloody tragedy before his eyes. Soon after, his mother, the still more infamous Catharine, followed him to the final recompense, amid the hatred and reproaches of her own followers, who suspected her of having deceived them in causing the death of the Duke of Guise, and a prey to still more violent terrors than her son. So intense was the hostility of the Catholics towards her, that they threatened, if her body was brought to them on its way to Saint Denis, they would drag it through the streets, and throw it into the river. The chief actors in the Bartholomew were about the same time swept away from the scene of their shame. The Duke of Guise was assassinated by Loignac and his associates.—The Cardinal of Lorraine died. Even Henry the Third was assassinated by the Jesuit Jacques Clement, because he was not sufficiently severe in his persecution of the Protestants. On his death, the Huguenots rallied with greater vigor than ever, for Henry the Fourth was now the legitimate sovereign of the realm. But he was denied his rights, and preparations were made for one more desperate and decisive conflict. The Catholics, deprived of all their former great leaders, now followed the standard of the Duke of Mayenne, while the Protestants rallied around Henry the Fourth. The latter were successful. Angers and Vendome were taken, and other towns were destroyed. In two months he drove the enemy from Poitou, Touraine, Anjou and Maine, took the suburbs of Paris, and prepared to lay siege to the capital. After numerous battles, both armies prepared for a decisive engagement, which should settle the fate of Paris, and consequently of the King. The forces of the two were nearly equal, and they were eager for the fray. On the morning of the 14th of March, 1590, near the town of Ivry, both Catholics and Protestants performed their devotions, and were drawn out for action; and as in a subsequent generation, when Gustavus Adolphus marshalled his forces on the plains of Lutzen, according to the ordinary superstitions of that age, apparitions appeared in the sky. Amid terrible noises, the din and tumult of a battle was to be seen, and continued until thick clouds gathered, and the prodigy was hidden from the sight of mortal man.

When at length all the arrangements were made, the King, completely armed, galloped up and down the ranks, giving words of encouragement to his soldiers,—now fighting, I will confess, more to secure his private rights than the liberties of the Protestant religion. Pausing in front of his army, he lifted up his eyes, and thus, according to D'Aubigne, invoked the great invisible Master of human events: "Oh, Lord!" he was heard to say, "Thou knowest the intentions of my heart, and with Thine eye of Providence, Thou readest the secrets of my thoughts. If it be best for this people that I should attain the crown which belongs to me by right, do Thou protect the justice of my arms. But if Thy will is otherwise determined—if Thou takest away my kingdom, take my life also, that I may shed my blood fighting at the head of those who put themselves in danger for my sake." Then a general shout of "Long live the King!" rent the air. Henry then once more addressed his people, and assured them that he was determined to conquer or to die. "If my standard fall," said he, "keep my plume in your eye. You will find it always in the path of Glory and Honor." So saying, he

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

MR. LORD'S LECTURES.

We find that Mr. Lord, in his lecture upon the Huguenots, takes strong ground against the Papal Church. We were entirely ignorant of what Mr. Lord's views were until we saw them in the hand-writing of our reporter. If any of our Catholic readers think that Mr. Lord does the Roman Catholic Church injustice, we are ready to insert a well-written article of a reasonable length in reply. Our motto is that of Jefferson: "Error of opinion may be safely tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." If truth cannot take care of herself in a fair fight with error, then let her go to the wall.

FRANCE.

The news from France is of the most portentous character. Louis Napoleon, either believing that a serious blow was meditated against him, or despairing of being able to effect that revision of the Constitution necessary to enable him to become a second time a candidate for the Presidency, has appealed to the bayonet and ball. Taking his opponents by surprise, the first victory is with him. Whether he will be able to maintain himself, depends now upon two things—his ability, and his popularity. All doubts as to both will now speedily be set at rest. He depends, we know, upon his soldiery, but in France every man is a soldier—and, as Kossuth felicitously expressed it, in this age of the world even "bayonets think."

The election that he promised the people for the 20th—the universal suffrage that he has ordained—the new Constitution with Ministers and two Legislative Houses, are, all but the second, acknowledgments that the republican spirit is too strong in France to be openly and disdainfully set at naught. As to universal suffrage, he approves it, because he considers he will gain more than he will lose by its exercise. There is a large and ignorant class of the French peasantry, who scarcely know any other high name in France than that of Napoleon—and there is a still larger class, whose reverence for the memory of the "little Corporal," would almost lead them to support his old uniform for President.

We believe that Louis Napoleon has no desire

[illegible]

KOSSUTH.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Foreign News.

THE BALL IN MOTION.

THE CRISIS ARRIVED IN FRANCE.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

PROVISIONS—Small sales of new Mess Pork at $16 per bbl. Prime is held at 14. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon—Supplies are beginning to come in from the West. Sales of smoked Hams at 9a11c; in salt at 8½a9½; Sides and Shoulders at 7c. New Lard is held at 9c in bbls and 9½c in kegs; sales of old in bbls at 9½a9¾c on time. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is no new feature to present in the market, and the sales of all descriptions are limited.

BARK—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and 200 hhds No 1 sold at $23,50 per ton. No sales of Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is more offering; sales of 2,000 lbs good Yellow at 26c per lb cash, including some on private terms.

CANDLES—The demand is limited for all kinds, but prices are unchanged.

COAL—There is a good demand for city consumption, but for shipment the inquiry is less active. Supplies by canal have now ceased, and by railroad they are quite moderate. Cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3a3,12½; and Red Ash at 3,37½a3,50 per ton.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet, and the sales are confined to 8a600 bags Rio at 8½a9½ cts per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is held firmly. Small sales of English Sheathing at 21½c, and Yellow Metal at 17c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 800 bales Upland and New Orleans at 8½a10½c per lb, on time.

The following table, compiled from one more extended in the Ship List, will compare the Cotton statistics of the present and last season, commencing in each instance with the 1st of Sept., and going down to the latest date from the several ports.

	1850.	1851.	Inc'e.	Dec'e.
Received bales	605,144	649,268	44,124	
Export Great Britain	206,653	210,445	3,792	
Do France	93,059	81,570		11,489
Do N. of Europe	19,290	7,102		12,188
Do Other foreign	27,345	21,977		5,368
Do Total foreign	346,347	321,094		25,253
Ship'd to Nort'n ports	142,505	193,400	50,895	
Stock	304,694	276,115		28,579
Do Sept. 1	148,246	99,573		48,673
Do interior towns	103,386	97,821		5,565

DRUGS AND DYES—Small sales of Soda Ash at 2½a2½c; Sal Soda 2½, and Prussiate of Potash at 20c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—There are more offering. Sales of 3,000 lbs prime Western at 40c per lb, cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the sales are only in small lots from store. No 1 at $9a9,25. No 2 at 8a8,25, and No 3 at 4,50a5,50 per bbl for small and large.

FRUIT—A cargo of Malaga Raisins has partly been disposed of on terms kept private. Small sales at $1,70a1,75 per box. Dried Peaches sell at 2,12½a2,75 per bushel, and Cranberries at $14a15 per bbl.

GINSENG—Is in good demand; sales of 10,000 lbs Crude at 35c per lb, cash.

GUANO—The sales are only in retail lots at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—No arrivals and no sales this week.

HOPS—The demand is limited. Small sales of Eastern and Western first sort at 35a38c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no further sales have come under our notice.

IRON—The receipts of Pig Metal are now over, and the sales are only in small lots at $21 per ton for No 1, and 20, 6 mos, for No 2. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—Galena is held firmly at $4,85 per 100 lbs, cash. A sale of Virginia at 4,40, short time.

LEATHER—Prices are steady for all descriptions, with a moderate demand.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Our present design is to commence Mrs. Lee Hentz's original novelet of

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE,

about the commencement of the new year. If Mrs. Southworth's story be not concluded, we shall probably publish them together in literary companionship, for several weeks. It seems almost a necessity to commence a new story about the commencement of the year.

When Mrs. Lee Hentz's story is concluded, we design laying before our readers

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the four novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM of NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 15th, Mr. Hale presented the petition of the American exhibitors at the World's Fair, in London, asking an appropriation by Congress to defray their expenses. It was referred to the Committee on the Patent Office.

Mr. Foote gave notice of a bill granting land to Mississippi for a railroad in that State. Numerous grants of lands to build railroads, &c., have been already [illegible]

[illegible]

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the Dan. Webster and the Mail Steamer Georgia, at New York, we have California advices to the 16th ult., and about $3,900,000 of gold, all but $1,500,000 in the hands of the passengers.

The passengers by the Georgia report that the Brother Jonathan, for Chagres, had put into Kingston in distress, having six feet of water in her hold. Her passengers would proceed to Chagres in sailing vessels.

Order and quiet reigned in California—barring a murder or two now and then. There had been three slight shocks of an earthquake at San Francisco, within four days, probably intended to remind the people of that city of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Governor had appointed the 27th as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

It had been storming heavily for two weeks at Chagres, which caused a rise in the river of fifty feet, and created the heaviest freshet ever remembered to have occurred there. Much property was destroyed, and men, horses and cattle came down the river and were swept out to sea by the powerful current, and destroyed. Several vessels were lost near the mouth of the river, but the crews were saved. The schooner Home, from San Juan, went ashore on the 8th inst., below the town.

The mines continued as productive as ever.

The agriculturists were busy in different sections of the State, preparing the ground for the next year's crop, which it is expected will be more abundant than ever.

In the South the vintage has fully commenced, and the vine-growers are busily engaged in gathering grapes and converting them into wine and brandy. The quantity manufactured will be immense.

The weather, during the past three months, has been like that of Indian Summer in the Atlantic States, balmy and genial.

Emigration by land from the States to Oregon is closed for the year. By late advices from Dallas, we learn that there were about forty wagons behind, which would be through in a few days.

The most prominent topic of discussion is the much agitated question of the division of the State. Much difference of opinion exists, but nothing definite had been done, except the drawing up of an address to the Legislature by [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

MR. CLAY RESIGNED.—Henry Clay has resigned his seat in the Senate. He will spend the Winter in Philadelphia, and return to Ashland in the Spring.

MR. FOOTE.—It is reported that Mr. Foote expects to be re-elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature, which is soon to meet, in place of Hon. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Foote, in that event, will resign as Governor of Mississippi, and return to Washington in the course of a few weeks. It is a pity that Foote is such an "everlasting talker." It is said that he once made up his mind to say nothing for a whole day in the Senate—the consequence being that he only spoke *four* times. Perhaps this may be an exaggeration.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The official returns show the election of five out of the seven State Officers by the Democrats. The majorities are small.

FREE SOIL CONVENTION.—The Presidential Convention of the Free Soilers is announced to be held at Pittsburg, after the Whig and Democratic Conventions have taken place. Among those named as candidates for the Presidency, are the Hon. John A. Dix, of New York; Joshua R. Giddings and John P. Hale. For the Vice Presidency, Cassius M. Clay, Hon. Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin, and Hon. Chas. Allen, of Mass.

VIRGINIA.—The Democratic majority in 112 counties is 8,100.

THE PRODUCTIVE ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The following table, drawn from official sources, exhibits the number of productive establishments in the United States of Cotton, Woollen, Castings, Pig and Wrought Iron:—

STATES.	Cotton.	Woollen.	Castings.	Pig Iron.	Wrought Iron.
Massachusetts	213	119	6[illegible]	6	6
Connecticut	12[illegible]	149	6[illegible]	12	1[illegible]
New York	86	249	322	18	60
Delaware	12	9	13		9
Maryland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	17
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE FEARFUL REVENGE OF A SWISS GIRL.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

Local News.

THE CHRISTIANA TREASON CASES.—The Circuit Court met, according to adjournment, Judge Kane presiding, for the purpose of taking some action in reference to the remainder of the prisoners charged with treason. The jurors summoned in the case were called.

District Attorney Ashmead, said—That he desired to inform the Court, that in reference to the remaining cases of treason, he had concluded to enter *nolle prosequis*, inasmuch as the charge of Judge Grier to the jury in the case of Hanway, clearly satisfied him that the charge of treason could not be sustained under the evidence submitted. That same opinion, however, intimated that murder and riot had been committed, and was fully made out by the testimony in the case referred to.

He therefore felt it to be his duty to write to the District Attorney of Lancaster county, which he had done, and now held in his hand that gentleman's reply to his letter, in which he informed him (Ashmead) that detainers had been lodged at the county prison against all the remaining prisoners. Samuel Williams is to be tried in the U. S. District Court, before Judge Kane, on the first Monday in January next, on the charge of misdemeanor in obstructing the Fugitive Slave Law, by giving notice to the fugitive slaves of their intended arrest, and of course is excepted in the detainers. He is out on bail.

Mr. Ashmead then moved the Court, that the prisoners be transferred to Lancaster county, in charge of Marshal Roberts, there to await the action of a Grand and Petit Jury of that county, the Marshal to be permitted to take his leisure in conveying the prisoners to that place.

Mr. Ashmead further said, that he would also lodge detainers against the prisoners with the authorities of Lancaster, in order that they may be tried in Philadelphia for misdemeanor, if they should escape punishment for the offences of which they had been guilty, in Lancaster county. He (Mr. Ashmead) was determined to do his whole duty in these cases, so that the country might see that if these men were to go unpunished for their crimes, it was not attributable to him as a public officer.

Thaddeus Stevens and J. M. Read were present, on behalf of the prisoners, but made no objection to the motion of the District Attorney Ashmead.

Judge Kane then informed the jurors that there would be no further occasion for their attendance, as the bills which they were summoned to try, had been disposed of in the manner they had heard related by the District Attorney. It only remained for him to thank them for their prompt attention to the summons of the Court, many of them coming from a great distance, at great private inconvenience to themselves and families. They were then discharged.

On Friday week, the subject of paying the witnesses subpœnaed by Castner Hanway, was discussed before Judge Kane.

Mr. Read said that it was a very important matter to his client, Castner Hanway. Is he to be placed in the same condition he was before his trial? Is a man, who has been acquitted by a jury of the United States, to be turned upon the public stripped of all his little earnings—a pauper? The U. States, I contend, ought to pay the witnesses, because it is a matter of the greatest moment to Hanway.

In Burr's trial you will find the deliberate opinion of the Chief Justice of the United States, where the accused is allowed the means of securing his witnesses. There is not a single authority against this. I challenge my learned friend to show that the witnesses in Burr's case were not paid by order of the Court out of the United States Treasury. I know your Honor will not consider the amount, but the principle of the [illegible]

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 20.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines) one insertion, $2.00

" " " three months, $15.00

" " " six months, $25.00

" " " a year, $60.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. T. Dent, W. Ramsay, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Graves, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman.* Each of the above persons has a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing his person, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 180 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by *William H. Wald, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. York.*

Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*

Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*

Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*

Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*

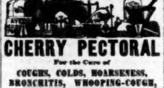
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St., and, 20 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Of COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*

Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*

Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

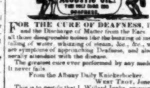
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.



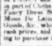
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]



[illegible]



[illegible]

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

GRAHAM.

POST-MASTERS AND OTHERS FORMING CLUBS FOR $3 MAGAZINES ARE INFORMED THAT "GRAHAM" CAN BE FURNISHED AT AS LOW A RATE AS ANY $3 MAGAZINE IN THE UNION. TRY HIM!

ALL HE ASKS IS THE EVIDENCE THAT ANY ONE THINKS HE CAN UNDERSELL HIM. SEND ON THE DOCUMENTS AND TEST THE QUESTION!

FOR SPECIMEN COPIES AND TERMS, Address

GEORGE R. GRAHAM,

dec27-3t 134 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE.

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. dec20-1y

EAGLE PRINTING INK WORKS.

Office No. 51 South FOURTH Street, below Chesnut, Philada.

THE undersigned are extensively engaged in manufacturing PRINTING INKS of all kinds and colors of a superior quality, which they are selling at low prices. Black, Red, Blue and Green constantly on hand. Tints made to order. Printers' Varnish, Copperplate Printers' Oil constantly on hand and for sale. THIS PAPER, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, IS PRINTED WITH INK MADE BY THEM.

dec27-3m ROMIG, LAY & CO.

THE CONQUEROR!

GRAHAM

FOR JANUARY, 1852,

IS UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO BE the MOST SPLENDID monthly that has ever been issued from the press of any country.

All attempts at rivalry look ludicrous in contrast. It contains

112 PAGES OF READING,

Contributed by the very best writers. The leading paper is the commencement of an intensely interesting NOVEL by

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

This romance will run through six or eight numbers of "Graham." The entire contents of the number are rich and varied.

EXQUISITE ENGRAVINGS.

The Illustrations of "Graham" for January are as far superior to all others, as magnificent designs engraved upon steel—are to the WRETCHED WOOD CUTS which disfigure and disgrace some of the periodicals of high *pretension*.

LOOK AT GRAHAM!

THEN LOOK AT THE OTHERS!!!!!

THE TITLE PAGE

is worth all the engravings in any other magazine of the month.

THE PARIS FASHIONS

are richly worth all that have appeared in a year elsewhere.

WE SAY LOOK. The whole number will speak for itself.

SINGLE COPIES JANUARY NUMBER 25 CENTS.

Subscription for the year	$3
Two copies	5
Eight do.	15
Eleven do.	20

NO PREMIUMS *are offered*—the work is worth all the money we ask for it, and is in itself a premium.

Address orders to GEO. R. GRAHAM,

d20-3t 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

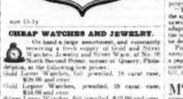
Persons wishing to form Clubs will be supplied with a Specimen Copy of the work.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

BUFFALO ROBES.

FURS OF ALL KINDS.

[illegible]



[illegible]

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

[illegible]

NEW, BEAUTIFUL, AND UNIQUE.

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS—PUBLISHED BY J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, Corner of Beekman Street, New York.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

BY ACHETA DOMESTICA.

In three series, beautifully illustrated and coloured after nature. I. Insects of Spring. II. Insects of Summer. III. Insects of Autumn. Each complete in itself, and sold separately. Cloth, extra Gilt Edges.—Price $4.

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

[M. D. F. MAGAZINE.]

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, pleasant, and serene;
But the sun is not a reason
To despise the season.
So while birds chirp the summer song
And the fog lights up the bay,
There are lonely days in Winter
After all!

Spring, with its dainty, bird-filled trees,
Its flowers, its fragrant air,
Perfumed, yet, with all her promise,
But the mockery of the vanished,
When memory sings
Mockery many days in Winter.
After all!

Autumn trees are pretty—very,
And I have these still;
But, the lofty, whispering leafy
None of these avail;
While the fir-cone wears the fascicle,
And the fog-cloud the veil,
There are many days in Winter,
After all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent,
There are lovely hour and reason
What their Child hath sent
Those who smile because we laughy,
May too lonely fall,
Feel the many days of Winter,
After all!

Then, although no more tuned pleasure
Can by one depart,
Though for it we have no measure,
And the morning pall,
There is mislead, and no Winter,
After all!

Dublin University Magazine.

Life in Italy.

LOTTERIES IN NORTHERN ITALY.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In travelling through various States of Germany and Italy, it may be observed by placards on the walls that the lottery still exists as an institution regularly established by public authority. Of course, one feels inclined to despise institutions which are connected with the spirit of gambling; but as we all recollect the days of state-lotteries in England, with the vociferous advertisements, and the lucky offices, the fine position utterly to condemn these continental authorities in a general and modified. Civilization goes on by slow steps, and it does not do for one country to alone another for its backwardness.

Let us, however, for the sake of a little amusement, describe the lottery-system of Piedmont. There the game of gambling (the best of all gambling numbers is rather curious. The numbers is from 1 lottery to from one to ninety. He who wishes to play goes to a lottery-office, and dictates any of these numbers he pleases to the office-keeper, who writes them upon a desk-like register. The writer put as many numbers as you please in a ticket; or separate ones into several. The done, the office-keeper cuts off from the register the tickets demanded—of which the duplicate stamped with the date he you in exchange for your money. The men employed in the lottery are paid no salary, but are entitled to 9 per cent. on the sum they take. When the day for drawing, five numbers are publicly extracted from a wheel containing the 90 ivory balls; and the winning tickets are those inscribed with either two, three, or four of those numbers, which have come out. A single number gained 10 times the stake—being 5,500 times; and, finally, that gain-ble to 80,000 the stake.

At first sight, to any one inexperienced in this species of gaming, winning seems very easy. It only requires a little great wager, unlimited for one ticket—say twenty or thirty—and with a little perseverance how is almost sure to win. But, practically, although the quantity of numbers does individually increase the chances of winning, it augments in an alarming proportion all the various combinations of these numbers, and consequently the amount of money that must be staked. A franc staked upon each combination is the rate at which a fair sum may be realized in case of winning; but although a franc is the minimum staked on every ticket, there is likewise a minimum for the stake on every variety of combination, and two centimes for each ambe, and of five for each terne and quaterne. This is the way in which generally poor people—who are the majority—play, and this is the reason why the prizes of terne and quaterne, which are not uncommon, are generally very small.

Every object in nature is represented by a number; but of course, as there are only ninety of these numbers, while things in existence are innumerably multiplied, many objects come under the same head. In each lottery-office there hangs a table of the ninety numbers, each accompanied by a picture, which enables the unlearned, the thing or things represented by their respective numbers. This table is daily circulated and consulted by amateurs, to what profit it is vain to ask. There is also at your disposal in every lottery-office a previous book, entitled, "A Key to Dreams." Even Christian names have their corresponding numbers; and to each number from one to ninety is annexed the name of a poor woman, who receives fifty francs (a good idea, this!) when the number to her so assigned comes up. The names of these ninety women, followed by the names of their fathers, form a register, which any one may consult. Now suppose you have dreamed of a Rose or a Carnation, what have you to do? Just to turn over the above-mentioned list, and the number to which is annexed the name of Rose or a Carnation is the one you are in search of. Turn now for names of men. You see that nothing has been forgotten, and that every case in forseen and provided for.

The lottery is drawn night and forty times in the year, four times in each month, alternately at Turin and Genoa every Saturday at mid-day—When these chances to fall five Saturdays in one month, as the 31st there is no drawing. The ceremony is not very imposing. At Genoa it takes place in a low, dirty room in the ducal palace, in front of which is a limited public, chiefly composed of soldiers, sailors, street-porters, and market-women—some respectable people, but not counting the habies that these ladies, young or old, always carry in their arms. The lottery-office keeper has had it occupied in a platform, like the stage of a theatre, at each extremity of which there is a large wheel, supported by uprights upon a stand. By the side of each of these wheels, in the attitude of two guardian genii, stand two children, boys in blue uniform, blue sashes, white cotton gloves, and long, white ruffles, to make room for an object or two. Each couple is possessed of a white basket-bowl between them, to which, be it the effect of rain or of novelty, the two appear to have a most frequent recourse. Precisely as twelve o'clock strikes, a certain movement takes place in the hall, and three gentlemen, with one Colonel Rizzi, members of the town-council, come forward and take their places in the middle of the platform, while a dozen files and trumpets execute a flourish.

How the operation begins. A little window in the wheel on the right hand of the spectator is opened, and *charity-boy No. 1* is hoisted up to a level with the opening. *Boy No. 1* stands a little lower; and a duty attendant proceeds to weigh. first at a time, two in each scale, the boxes or shoulds of pressed empty, for which, shortly after, are to be shut up the numbers. These shoulds are shaken like large snuff-boxes, and open and shut in the middle. As fast as each of these is weighed, the first attendant passes it to *No. 2*, who passes it to his turn to *boy No. 1*, who throws it into the wheel. When the lottery-office have been three weighed, and thrown in, the little opening is pertinently closed, and the wheel turned several times upon itself. Then it is opened again, and *boy No. 1* takes out of it, one by one, the little cases, which he passes on in due succession to *boy No. 2*, who hands them over to the first attendant, who presents them to the gentleman on the left, who gives them to the gentleman in the middle, in whose hands they remain a little while. During this operation another unnoticed, standing behind the gentleman in the middle, exhibits to the public a little square bit of dirty paper—everything and everybody connected with the business is so dirty as possible—and calls out with a loud voice the number engraved upon it, and the name of a poor woman connected by it, as we have said. "*No. 1*, Teresa Cornelia, daughter of the late Bartolomeo Cuneo;" and so on. And as the squares of paper are shown to the public, and the name of the poor woman called out, the attendant again admits roll of cash that his hands to the gentleman in the middle, who immediately hands it over to the gentleman who has already seen remain with him. These fifty cases are also called out after another, and through the hands of the gentleman in the right of the charity-boy *No. 2* and *No. 3* of the second order, and another, and another, until the whole of the pieces into the wheel likewise accompanied on the right hand of the spectator. At every tenth number the wheel is shut and made to turn in a jolly round and round several times.

When the thirty numbers have been picked out, and the wheel on the right, the inside arrives up again, the charity-boy No. 1 is thoroughly, and with his hand into the wheel, from thence a shoulds, which passing from hand to hand is delivered to the gentleman in the middle. He opens it, takes out the fifth roll, and gives it to the attendant, who unfolds it, shows it to the public, and proclaims with a loud voice the number it contains; and so on five times following, with a good ding of the wheel, and a shoulds of the united bottoms.

The numbers thus drawn are received with a manifest of approbation or with indifference, according as they are expected or not, popular or not—for—when shall we not find popularity and unpopularity?—like all sublunary things, which are popular and some which are not. Under the former head may be ranged 5, 16, 32, 39, 46, 58, all double numbers, and the whole series from 70 to 90. Why these should be any gentleman by numbers it would not be quite full. Gamblers are usually superstitious; and what more likely than that those who habitually stake money as learned should come to imagine luck with certain numbers.

From time to time a rumor goes about that such or such a person has got a number in sight with regard to the numbers which are about to come. I remember very well, that many years ago, public credulity had endowed a poor Capuchin friar with this precious divine sight, and that the unfortunate man could not appear in public without being beset by a crowd of people, who asked him the numbers. Whether they were obliged to interfere, and the poor preacher, I believe, was ordered to change his residence.

We have seen how many minute precautions surround the public drawing of the lottery, so as to remove even the least possibility of fraud. In spite of this a general popular notion prevails that the government does not in play fair, and whenever a certain number which is expected does not come out, Catorina, my old cook, will shake her head and say: "Such a such number is too much played—no order to come there." Or we order it off—the wheel, "or, "Such another number won't come out; they have put a leaden weight to it, so that it must stick to the bottom of the wheel." What can one answer to this?

Caterina's all-absorbing interest in the has for fifty years, and still is, the lottery, to which she may be said to live and move. Its numbers would prove a key to her to a good theority with all the inside and milk-women of the quarter, and when she has sold of a number, it was "a sure" do, that neither it condemned, Caterina has an independent way of her own, and so she rejects with scorn the commonplace doctrine which makes of dreams a fruitful and exclusive source of divination. Dreams ought to be attended to, certainly, but in the proper time. She contends that for those who have eyes to see, the occurrences of everyday life always afford the widest, and of the apply the safest ground for cabalistic speculation. On this principle it was that, only the day before I called